



ERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

17 December 2009

Run Number 139
Starting at the Chinese Arch, Liverpool

The Pack: Snoozanne, Madhatter, Alternative Entrance, Carthief, FCUK, Grutel, Compo, 10", Go On Go On (**Hare**), Tia Maria



Even though it was below freezing, **Hash Flash's** moanings about how reflective strips messed up the photos persuaded **FCUK** to (partially thank goodness) strip off (by way of explanation in case you were wondering who the he-man was).

Tia Maria almost missed her first run as she was waiting on the other side of the arch and only just spotted the assorted headdresses just before we set off. **Snoozanne** apologized for her appearance but said that she could not

find the razor that morning. A vision of her with two day's growth was almost too much.

Go On Go On explained her marking and how she had marked the trail whilst **Madhatter** used sign language to tell her to pull the other one as it had bells on it. She seems to be replying in sign language as well.



The Hare explained that there were some **S** for singing Hash Halts and off we went.

Up towards Rodney Street and the trail led up to the Cathedral. No trail down into the garden but there were 4 fire engines lined up. What had the Hare planned for us? Luckily (or possibly unluckily) the trail led past the cathedral and onto the first **S**

Are those your reindeer?



After a carol with **Go On Go On** leading the singing



Off we went again and it dawned on the Pack that we were heading for the Yuet Ben (after about 15 minutes). The Hare calmed the Pack down explaining that whilst her carefully crafted route had not produced this loop her feet had. She led the way across to the Chinese Arch and a second Hash Flash.



FCUK now thoroughly spooked by the thought of his coat “flashing” hid behind the arch (it was getting too cold for him to remove the jacket)



Down Nelson Street and onto a Check, followed by what was presumed to be a false, (must be Stockholm markings).



Nerves were again calmed by The Hare and we headed down towards the river and Liverpool’s answer to the London Eye.





The river draws the Hash nearly as much as beer does and so it was no surprise to find the trail leading into Albert dock and a Hash Flash at the Maritime Museum.



Running through a shopping centre, stopping briefly for the warmth and hoping that The Hare had set another **S** resulted in disappointment but once through and back in the cold **Alternative Entrance** could not resist (not quite sure what it was she could not resist but she was obviously fascinated)



Running down to the promenade it looked as if **The Hare** had spilt a whole silo of flour but it had only been the gritters even if **Go On Go On** would have us think otherwise



Tia Maria was so far ahead of the Pack that there was time for a posed Flash with the Birkenhead waterfront



Another



We had a Beatles song at this point. Compo gave an impromptu dance.



Yellow Submarine was the song but only FCUK was in yellow



Along to Queen's Wharf and up through the Waterfront Business Area to an encouraging



which spurred the Pack towards the cars.

The GMs had indicated that due to timing there would be no circle but democracy prevailed (and in any case **Compo** had brought some beer and softies). With no RA to hand **Carthief** nominated himself for telling **Go On Go On** to spread herself on the anchor.

Go On Go On nominated **Compo** for his dance routine

Tia Maria virgin and ex Singapore H3.

The Hare Virgin Hare (first Hare experience ever!).

The food beckoned and we retired to the Yuet Bun where there was more than enough food (except for **Tia Maria** who had to go and write a thesis on protons (or was it proteins?).

Compo had brought along a chocolate 3D jigsaw (A slightly broken but huge Santa) which was won by **Mad Hatter** after a raffle for The Lions.



except the box described it as



Real hashers

1. A Real hasher buys his/her significant other matching running shoes and / or drinking mug for her / his birthday.
2. A Real Hasher does not consider him / herself well dressed unless he / she is wearing a hash T shirt.
3. Real Hashers think nothing of running across muddy fields late at night. The rest of humanity does not think much of it either.
4. Real Hashers out for a stroll through a new city will look for signs of markings and ignore the architecture.
5. Real Hashers do not think of falsies as a beauty aid.
6. A stunning countryside view and Real Hashers are planning their checks.
7. A new pub in the neighbourhood and Real Hashers check out the territory, the beer, and the parking spaces (Not necessarily in that order).
8. Upon being offered a job elsewhere, Real Hashers immediately check the directory to ensure that there is a Hash, and on which day of the week that they run, before accepting.
9. When going on holiday, Real Hashers always pack a couple of T-shirts to swop with the local Hash.